

Jan. 1912 - Vol. 10 #3

HANDS MIND



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JANUARY

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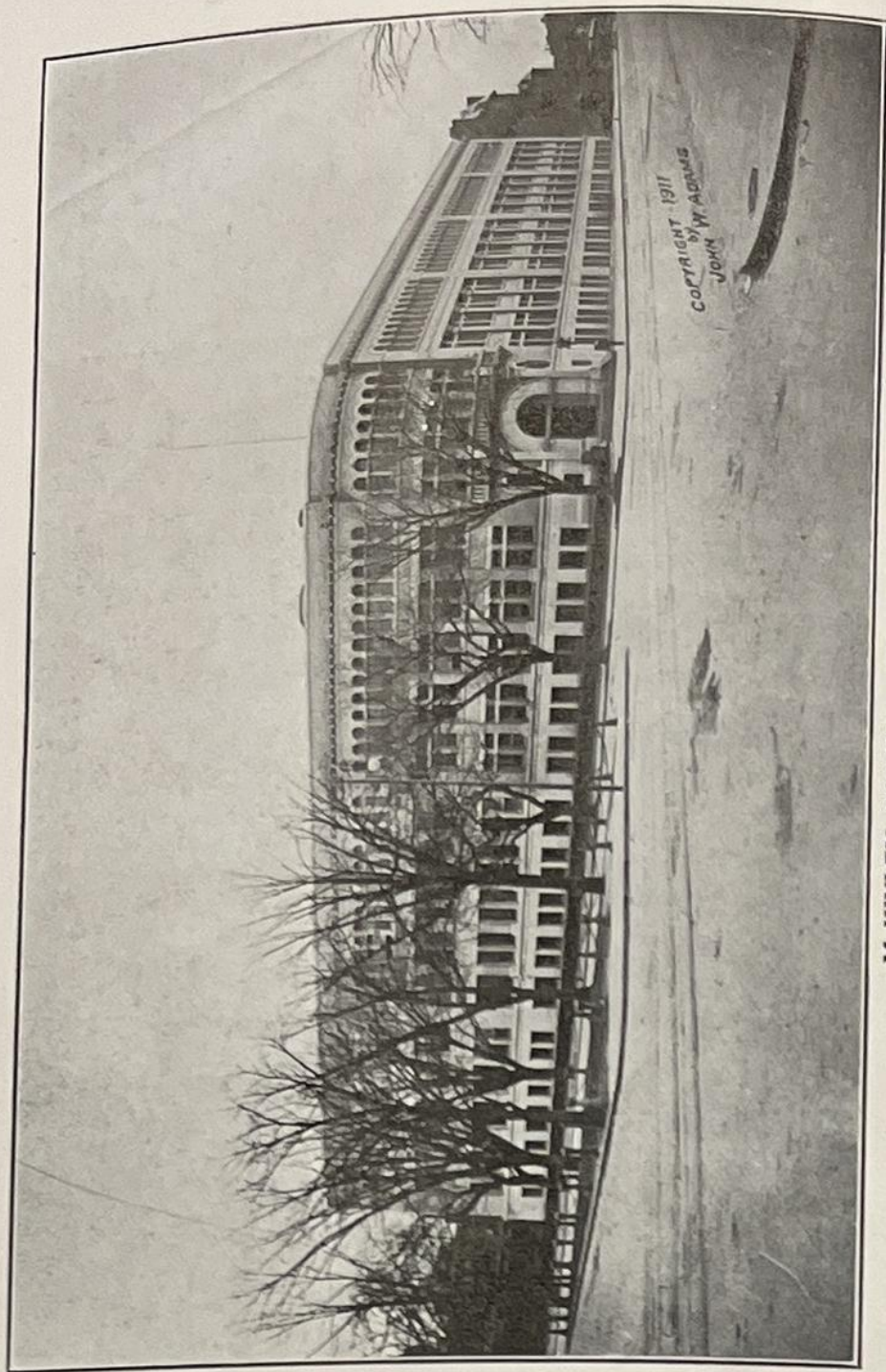
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HAND AND MIND

VOL. 10

JANUARY, 1912

NO. 3

HAND AND MIND is a Magazine published monthly during the school year for, and by, the students of the McKinley Manual Training School and its alumni.

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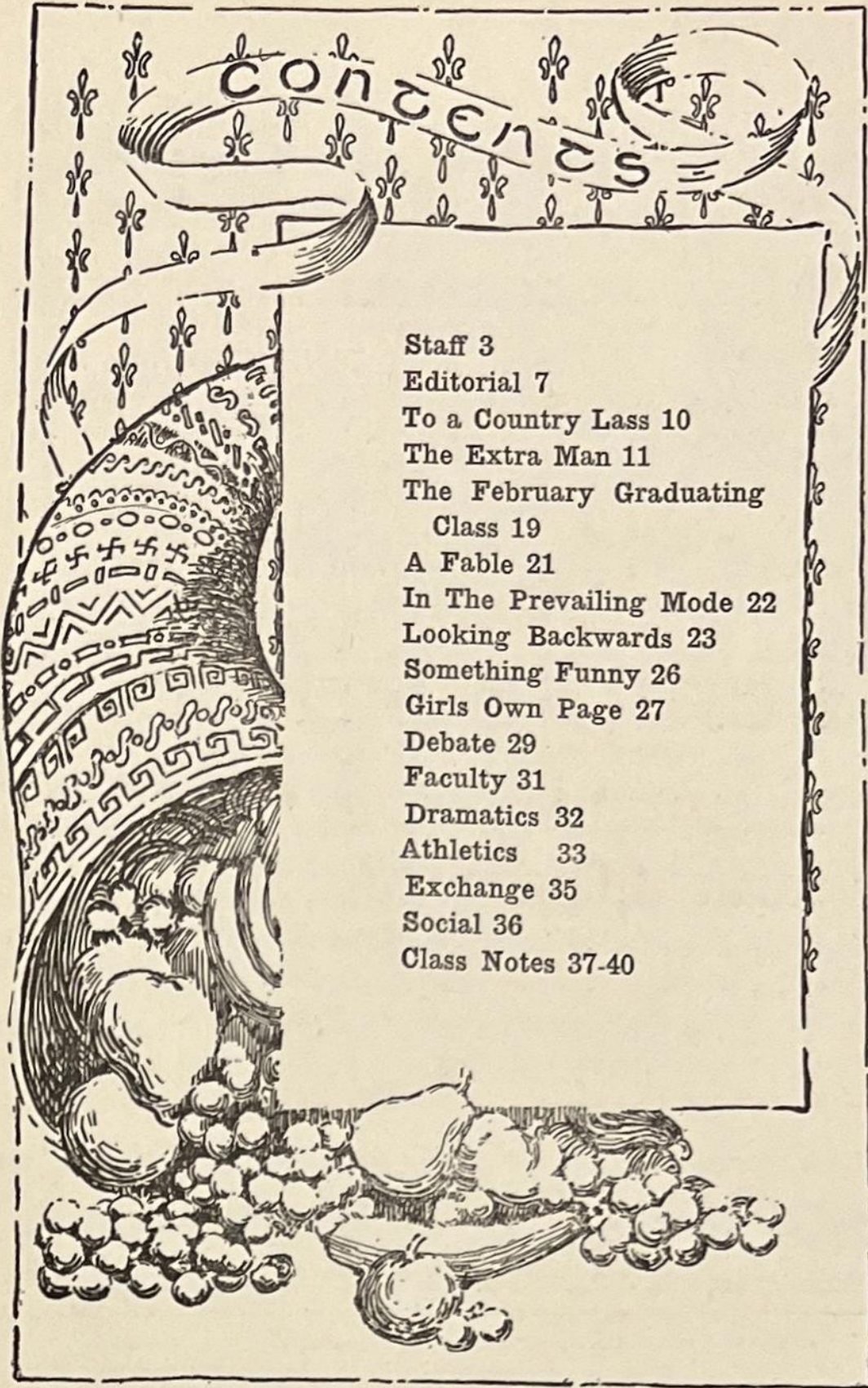
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VOL. 10

JANUARY, 1912

NO. 3

GREATER TECH

THE year 1912 is the first year of the use of the completed building since its formal dedication in November, 1911. Our school is now nearly twice as large as it was last year and can justly be called Greater Tech. It represents an expenditure of \$800,000; the equipment and faculty are the best that can be secured. To be a student in a school like this is a privilege few cities can confer. Like every privilege which is worth having, it carries with it obligations, the chief of which is the duty of preserving the building. The school is not for the present student body or those who will come here next year or the year after, but for all those who may desire a technical education as long as Washington remains a city and the United States a nation. Use the building so that if everyone else used it in the same manner, it would remain in perfect condition, and Greater Tech will be able to prepare those who come after as well as it prepares us for our part in the great game of life.

THE NEW YEAR

DAY before yesterday at midnight a new year came into being, the twelfth year of the Twentieth Century. It lies before us all, untouched, unknown. To some it seems a place of pleasure; to others it appears a place of struggle and of pain.

But however we may see it, let us resolve to face it boldly, with fearless hearts, to make the most of our opportunities, and to do our best, whatever may befall.

AN APPRECIATION

EARLY in November a MAN delivered a SPEECH to the boys of the school. It was a speech that thrilled you; it gave you a glance into the great world outside, and presented high ideals in forceful terms. Although this appreciation comes a little late, it is none the less sincere, and we are sure we speak for the school when we say with Oliver Twist, "More."

THE FIRST INTER-HIGH DEBATE

THE first Inter-High school debate occurs Friday, the twelfth. Tech meets Eastern. The particulars will be found under Debate. But we want to tell you what the possibilities are. If we win, it will be the first time we have beaten Eastern since 1905. If we win, Tech will debate the winner of the Central-Western debate for the championship of the District. If Central wins from Western and we win from Eastern, we will have another chance to meet our old rival and in this case a tie score is impossible. So here's hoping!

THE FEBRUARY GRADUATING CLASS

WITHIN a few weeks the eighth semester section will be leaving Tech to assume their parts in the cast of that great play—Life. They have spent four years within the sheltering walls of the school; four years of work and play;

four years of training, the results of which have become their permanent possession. This class has taken a part, and no unimportant part, in the activities of the school. Some of its members have rendered valuable assistance to the HAND AND MIND; it numbers among its celebrities the champion rifle shot of the District, the Hon. "Irish" O'Connell, and other prominent figures. It is a class worthy of Tech training and one which the school can justly be proud of, and we wish them all possible success and good fortune now and in the future.



To a Country Lass

Oh, here's a song to a county lass,
So gay and young and fair,
A country lass with a merry laugh,
A laugh exceeding rare.

"Oh where, Oh where," asked the passerby,
"Did you find that laugh so rare,
"That laugh that gladdens the heart of all
"And drives away dull care?"

"Oh where, Oh where," quoth the country lass,
"Did I find my laugh so gay?
"Why I found it in the bubbling brook,
"As it danced upon its way.

"It said to me, 'Be gay and glad,
" 'To laugh and play and sing,
" 'For the world doth love a merry maid
" 'Whose laughter free doth ring.' "

—Naomi E. Clark, A'.

The Extra Man

(Prize Entry)

NORMAN P. MOORE



HAT induced me to join the Eldorado Stock Company really has no bearing upon this story, for I am not writing an autobiography. However, in self-defense, and for the benefit of those who know me, I will say that neither ambition nor necessity moved me to such a questionable action.

The play for which they first rehearsed me was of the romantic sort, of the period of Henry the Eighth. The cast was therefore large, because of many supers, or "extra people," as the stage manager deferentially called us. I, being a private in the "King's Guard," a class of six, had very little opportunity to display my dramatic ability, which arrangement, after all, was highly satisfactory to me.

We guards were under the supervision of a more experienced "extra," who was to be our captain on the stage. He conscientiously and patiently taught us our little drill and our cues, and how to carry our long-handled "battle-axes" through a low door without mishap. Being often in more or less personal contact with this man, I had an opportunity to study his personality, and as I saw him more, I became more and more impressed with him, as one of the most interesting men I had ever observed.

The callboy told me that this person, Edwin Ashely, was "only

one of them Shakespeare bugs," such as the first balcony fondly imagine are the backbone of every reputable theatre (the orchestras know better, and the angels never take time to think about it). It was true he studied Shakespeare; every night he was in his corner of the dressing-room early, thumbing over some volume of a pocket edition, oblivious to the din of supes around him. Yet he never satisfied my conception of the "Shakespeare bug;" he was extremely taciturn; he never made himself objectionable by indiscriminately rambling on "soliloquies" and the like.

It was difficult to catalogue him by his appearance. One might take him for an actor; one might just as well take him for a musician, or a carpenter. He was tall and stoop-shouldered, with a large head and a shock of crisp gray hair. His bearing was very aggressive, yet belied his nature. One could only surmise his age: I should say he was somewhere between thirty-five and sixty-five. His face was a closed book; it was by no means blank, yet it was a veritable puzzle. His expression might be called harsh, perhaps fierce; it was certainly grim and gloomy. Being firm, it gave the impression of a mask, behind which one longed to look, and know the silent man. His aspect was hard, but not sullen. I imagined that some intense emotional shock years ago had overlaid an originally refined and gentle nature with a repulsive exterior, and made him indifferent to everything. Indeed, his impenetrable personality so oppressed me that I began to suspect he was a hypochondriac. Then I began to appreciate him.

Why Ashely was no more than a "Captain in the King's Guard" was at first incomprehensible to me. It was plain he had ability: his unconscious actions and speech, his intimacy with the finer

points of stage etiquette, he himself, made one feel that he could look down upon the amateur. He appeared to live his parts, small though they were, yet he did not over-live them. When I asked the callboy the reason for the insignificance of Ashely's position, he told me that Ashely always bungled things, and was too flighty to be given responsibility. I soon found that the opinion of the entire cast was very similar; they managed to tolerate Ashely because he never made any noise.

The company was to run the play for a month at their regular stock house. A week of hard rehearsing put us all into condition. We supes were rapidly acquiring the professional air, and freely, if discriminately, making use of our new vocabulary. By this time I could really distinguish most of the principals by name, and could find my way, even when the flats were up, to the little iron spiral staircase which led away up into the flies, to the water cooler and the dressing-rooms.

First night was run off, and very successfully. Really it was not so much of an ordeal as I had feared; in fact, it was little different from a rehearsal. The self-possession of the principals invariably has a reassuring effect upon the supes who are new; moreover, the super feels naturally that the attention of the audience is fixed wholly upon the principals, and not upon their background. In defense of the "King's Guard," I will say that I do not believe they got out of step once, thanks to the careful drilling of Captain Ashely.

Everything went splendidly for the first two weeks. The theatre put up a full house every night. The leading man, Tiffany, was of the type which so strongly appeals to the stock-house patron; though he had little real ability, his languishing "love scenes" won him universal popularity.

Then one night about the middle of the run, Tiffany started trouble, unreasonably, as is usual with the cheaper type of leading man. Ashely, probably through over-zeal, omitted a single line, which was unfortunately the word cue for a strong speech of Tiffany's. Now the experienced Tiffany should have been at no inconvenience to take Ashely up, but he had become over-confident and complacent, and completely overlooked the slip. In the pause, someone else quickly took up the conversation, and Tiffany lost the opportunity for an effective speech. Of course, the audience was no wiser, but the players knew just what had happened, and they looked for a storm. Tiffany was very hot-headed, but he couldn't afford to show it on the stage. Immediately after the curtain he rushed to Ashely's dressing-room, and before us all, started a tirade. "Ashely," he snapped, "do you think I am



going to put up with this? Of all the idiotic blunders you ever made, that one was the rankest I ever hope to see. Don't think I'll have my parts busted up by your infernal carelessness. You are about the cheapest excuse for an actor that ever walked the boards." He kept it up until he got out of breath, growing more furious because Ashely kept silent. When the man's frenzy had subsided, Ashely said, indifferently, "I am very sorry, Mr. Tiffany;" and then he went back to his corner, to thumb over his little worn volume.

I am sure Tiffany forgot everything by the next night, but not so Ashely. Seldom have I seen a man so affected by a passing incident, though, to be sure, he tried to conceal it. Not a word about the affair did he utter to anyone, either in defense of himself, or attacking Tiffany; but he grew morose and dull, and by degrees so uncompanionable, that I was forced to conclude that my former suspicions concerning his state of mind were really correct. He was a victim of the very worst form of chronic melancholia. As he sank lower into morbidity, during the next few days, I must confess I began to fear for the stability of his mind. That my fears were not groundless was proved four nights after the incident I have related.

It was on a Saturday night, when, despite the stage manager's warning that he had his eye on us, there was a certain looseness about the whole cast, induced by the heavy week's work, and the prospect of a "Sunday loaf." The principals are always paid on Saturday afternoon, as a matter of distinction, but the supers must wait until after the last curtain Saturday night, for they are not contracted. Well, Tiffany came in that night feeling somewhat "happy," having spent the late afternoon in the company of his chum, Field, the "King's Jester" of the cast, a notorious imbibor. Everyone expected something to happen, and something did.

While Field was amusing everyone with his gambols, a certain amount of anxiety was felt about Tiffany, who seemed very irritable. The stage manager in particular was feeling nervous, for he, better than the rest, had reason to know Tiffany's temper.

The first two acts went smoothly, and we were beginning to breathe freely. Yet Tiffany's heaviest part was still to come, in the middle of the third act; so the suspense was not yet entirely relieved.

The setting was the keep of a castle, in the middle of the night. It was the most effective scene of the play, so we supes were scattered throughout the wings looking on. Field had borrowed the cornet of the off-stage trumpeter, and was practicing on it, with his jester's cap rammed into the horn for a muffler. The night was stiflingly hot, and the heat was certainly not relieved by the numerous "spots" in the wings. The heavy villain, having been just carried off, dead, performed the exquisite feat of removing the perspiration from his face without disturbing his make-up, and taking from under his doublet the tin plate which in the duel scene had served him for a coat of mail, he fanned himself with it vigorously. "The Duke of Buckingham" and "The King" were going over their lines for the fourth act softly together.

All at once the stage was empty. The time had come for Tiffany's great soliloquy. Tiffany must have been late. Someone in the audience tittered at the empty stage. After what seemed an interminable wait, the small door at left center was opened softly, and a long-cloaked figure glided on the stage. The players in the wings felt easier. He was only a little slow on his cue. The sombre figure had begun to speak. What had come over

Tiffany? He had never before spoken his lines in this manner. The voice was the same, yet the modulation, the articulation, were totally different, and unspeakably finer. The audience was charmed; the players were bewildered.

Then a startling thing happened. Even while his own lines were being spoken on the stage, Tiffany himself appeared in the midst of the group of onlookers in the right wings; Tiffany wild-eyed and incoherent.

"Who is that?" he cried. "Who is that man? What does this mean? Tell me, somebody! There will be a payment for this."

His sudden appearance produced consternation among the players off stage. No one could answer him in the excitement. Fortunately the stage manager became aware that something was amiss; he rushed out of the property room and dragged Tiffany away from the wings, for he had lost control of himself. For the next few minutes everything behind the scenes was in a subdued uproar.

The man on the stage was a marvelous actor. The audience could never have suspected that he was not Tiffany; for the players had not, before they knew. The uncertain blue light upon the stage screened his face; the long cloak he wore concealed his costume; his voice was of the precise pitch as that of the leading man. However, when one knew that it was not Tiffany, it was an easy matter to compare the two. Never in all his career had Tiffany reached such heights; never had he shown such subtlety of expression, and such freedom of action. This man had the audience at his will, he could sway them as he chose.

At the close of his soliloquy, the man was joined on the stage by Field, the jester, and the dialogue between these two concluded

the act. Field, then, was the first to know the identity of the mysterious actor, but whatever emotion he may have felt at first was, of course, concealed.

The curtain fell with a tempest of applause such as was seldom heard in the old stock house. As soon as it struck the floor, there was a rush of stage manager and principals to the side of the stranger. There was too much disturbance to think of extra curtains, although the audience clamored noisily. The big white spot-lights flashed up as the unknown actor pushed back his wig. It was Ashely.

His face was pale, and his shoulders drooped wearily. Regardless of the excited crowd pressing around him, he made his way to a chair, and sank into it as if completely exhausted. There he sat, with his head between his hands, paying no attention to the insistent group of actors around him. The stage manager himself spoke to him, but he received no answer.

The shifters were erecting the flat for the fourth act. The stage manager had to leave the curious group, which began to diminish when the first bell rang. The heavy villain was speaking kindly, but without avail, to Ashely, when the latter pulled himself together, rose from the chair, and pushed through the players in the wings waiting for the curtain. No one attempted to stop him as he stumbled uncertainly towards the small stage exit. At the door he paused and wavered as the applause of the audience greeted the rising curtain; then he passed forever out into the night.

The February Graduating Class

Byron F. Ewers, A'

WE finished our grammar school education the last day of January, 1908, and entered the McKinley Manual Training School February 1 the same year. Four large sections, namely: W, X, Y, and Z, comprised the Freshman classes; but now that our Senior year has at last been reached, only twenty-five members of the former large sections remain to tell of the difficulties of passing.

We have shown our ability during our high school career in more than a few ways. We have been represented in athletics by James O'Connell, John N. Michael, Raymond Maryman, and Albert Gersdorff. We have been represented in rifle shooting by the captain of the Rifle Club, Walton Wells, who won the silver cup offered for high score, and the Winter gold medal. We have been represented in the cadets by James O'Connell, Albert Gersdorff, winner of experienced privates' medal, Company D 1909, corporal's medal, Company D, 1910; James Brown, Paul Hunt, Donal Murlin, Byron F. Ewers, winner of unexperienced privates' medal, Company C, 1909; corporals' medal, Company K, 1910, Sergeant-Major third battalion, 1911; also by Rollo Onyun, Richard Webb and Walton Wells. We have been represented in The Paint and Powder Club by Rollo Onyun and Byron F. Ewers, who played a leading part in the spring play of 1910. Our first section rooms were in the rented stores across the street. Here we stayed for one year and a half, until when the school occupied its second addition, we were lucky enough to get room

105. In the middle of our third year we had to abandon our pleasant, well lighted room for the physics lecture room. Here it took four teachers to care for us one half year. Finally, after the first February graduating class left, we succeeded to our present room, where we have remained to finish our course. We cannot equal the efforts of the preceding February class in the moving line, but we are a close second.

We have seen Tech grow from the little building on the corner to the three quarter of a million dollar structure it is at present, and shall be proud to say, when we leave in a few weeks, "I am a graduate of McKinley Manual Training School."



FAILURE

A Man said to me, "You are a failure." I answered, "What have I failed to do?" He said, "You have failed to make money." I replied, "I did not try to make money." & I said to him, "You are a failure." He answered, "What have I failed to do?" I said, "You have failed to make poems." He answered, "I did not try to make poems."

—Selected



In the Prevailing Mode

NOW if a file in a rasping tone should call the auger a bore,
And the monkey-wrench a nut from the vise, would the
jack-plane smooth things o'er?

If the house was full, and the water drunk, would the hose-reel
all around?

And if water could speak as it flows along, how would Long
Island Sound?

If you board a spell at a shore hotel, is the billow that you pay?

If a single car weighs several tons, how much does the whole
subway?

Can a scavenger be a cheerful man when he's always in the
dumps?

If the water pipes in a dance hall burst, would the dancers use
their pumps?

If a Harvard oarsman rows in a shell, in what does the salmon
roe?

If no grass is grown in the frozen North, then what does the
Eskimo?

If a gun missed fire, would a parachute? (This stuff gives me a
pain.)

If Franklin Park is a beautiful spot, then why is Jamaica Plain?

If a bull-frog wore a hobble skirt, would the lily-pad—and hark!

If a thief broke into a drug-store, do you think the dogwood bark?

If a parrot can swear, can a crocus too? (Enough, ere we all
grow ill.

This is the frivolous sort of thing that is known as a Daffydill.)

1802—Looking Backwards—1912

ALTHOUGH several histories of Tech have been printed in the HAND AND MIND and in spite of the fact that our origin is not obscured in the mists of antiquity, we deem January, 1912, the anniversary of the dedication of the first building, no inappropriate time to give a brief resume of our history.

Legend hath it that many years ago, George Washington, strolling with a few friends through the woods which then surrounded the Capitol, came upon a pretty spot, o'ershadowed by three willows, where a little brooklet had expanded into a pool of crystal water. The sunlight, falling through the interlaced branches, spread a delicate tracery over the calm surface of the pool, and the musical murmur of the brook, mingled with the soft woodland noises and the blithesome songs of birds in a symphony of nature. He was entranced. Gazing into the clear water, like an East Indian crystal gazer, in a moment of prophetic vision, he struck his cane upon the ground, saying "Some day this will be a famous spot." It was the site of Tech.

The city grew. Soon woodmen came and cut down the forest and the habitations of men appeared here and there. But still the little brook flowed into the limpid pool o'ershadowed by the three willows. To all things must come an end, however, and finally the three trees were cut down and the pool filled in. On one side of where it had been, there was a pretty country lane called Rhode Island Avenue, upon the other a thoroughfare known as Seventh street.

The city continued to grow and soon the illustrious John Wheatly, one of our earliest benefactors, appeared on the scene. He decided wisely that the lot at the corner of Seventh street and Rhode Island Avenue would be a most excellent location for that most useful of institutions, a lumber yard. Being a man of action, he appropriated it at once and erected several small sheds and a substantial board fence, bearing the sign:

JOHN WHEATLY, HIS LUMBER YARD

which went far to keep the land from lowlier uses.

Toward the close of the nineteenth century the land was bought "for the purpose of erecting a school building thereon," and the lumber yard was removed. The authorities acted with unseemly haste. Work was actually begun within six or seven years. Once begun, it was soon finished and on January 29, 1902, the building was formally dedicated and the keys delivered to Mr. A. I. Gardner, our first principal. Tech started off with a rush, winning the baseball championship and the competitive drill in its first year of existence.

The school grew rapidly. In 1903 it was possible to organize three companies of cadets, which have since been increased to four. In 1905 Mr. Gardner was succeeded by Dr. G. E. Myers as principal, who was the predecessor of Mr. Daniel.

It was soon seen that the original building, which consisted principally of the steps and main entrance, was inadequate: Plans were made for an addition, which was completed in 1908, and which extended to and included the south stairway. The next year the end of the Seventh Street addition, which contains the Domestic Science Department and several classrooms, was added. Even the enlarged building soon proved insufficient in size, and a third addition was projected and completed in 1911. It is a matter

of news rather than history, that it was formally opened on November 28 last, thus completing the latest step toward a truly Greater Tech.

The school has always been successful in its enterprises and sportsmanlike in its conduct. Tech has won four out of ten competitive drills, five out of ten football championships, four out of ten baseball championships, and one out of seven debating championships for which it has contested. May Tech in the future be ever as successful as in the past, and may our greater building contain a school greater in ability, in honor, and in fairness as the years pass.



OUR GLEE
CLUB

From the Fatherland

Last fall my uncle, who lived in Germany, died, and I was greatly distressed to receive the news of his death. Hans wrote me the following letter informing me of the sad affair:

Atlantik Oshen, Septober the Five.

Deer Kinzin August:

Vat I vill now dake pen in my hand und let you know vat yure deer unkle is ded. If he would have leaved till Krismus, he would be chust six months ded. After yure deer unkle vas ded, de doktors gave up all hopes of saving hees life. You are the only leev-ing relatif besides two kinzins vat vas killed by der Filipeens.

The reason I vas not write sooner is bekaus ve don't live where ve did. We moofed where ve are. If you vas not get dis ledder, let me know und I vill written you annudder one.

Hoping to see you by der next male I stay yure deer kinzen Hans von der Vogeliveide.

P. S.—Plees don't open dis ledder, der is sad nus in it.

HANS.

The self-made man was speaking.

"My father was a raiser of hogs. There was a large family of us—." And his voice was drowned in applause.

"I suppose de groom am in de vestry."

"No suh. He's in de pantry. He done busted his suspenders."



Fashion Hints

THE bags with the long cord handles are all the rage now, and can be made by the economical girl from easily obtainable materials at a cost of $13\frac{1}{2}$ cents. Secure a bag of gunny sacking such as is used to tie up the feet of horses in winter, and press it neatly on a letter press; then secure $6\frac{3}{4}$ feet of old clothes line— $6\frac{5}{8}$ feet will do for a short girl—and attach it to the bag, one end to each side of the bag. When this bag is worn over the left shoulder with a chic air, it gives a very dressy effect and cannot be distinguished from those worn by the leaders of society in New York.

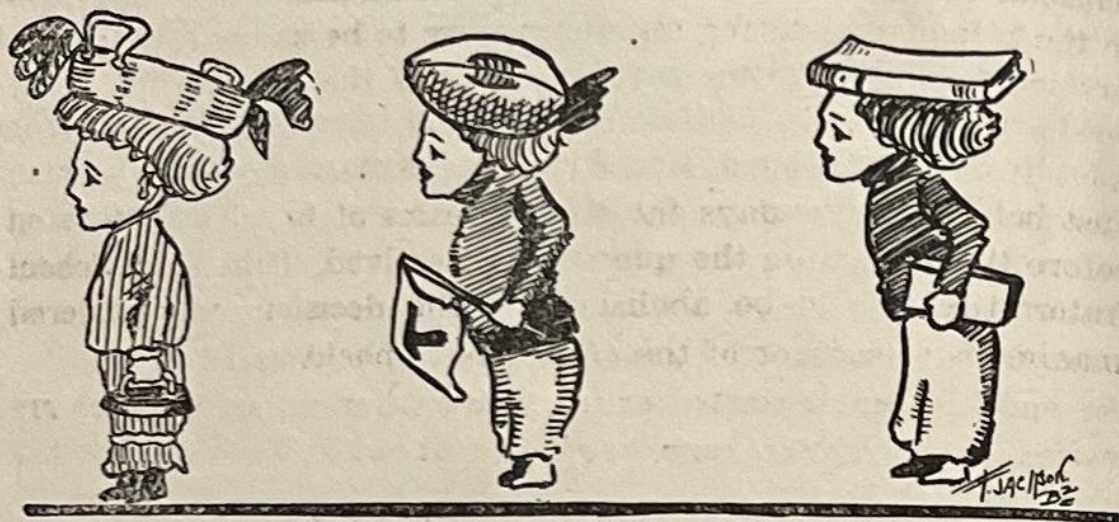
One of the popular "blank it" overcoats can easily be made from an old bath robe by dyeing it with a mixture of coffee, permanganate of potassium and bichloride of mercury. This will impart to any fabric a beautiful greenish-yellow tint much resembling that of a lemon. The effect will be enhanced by looking sour while wearing the coat. It should be trimmed with Valenciennes lace cut on the bias, and green burlap, set off here and there with French knots.

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,
To get her point lace dress;
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare;
Her daughter is at a dance, we guess.

Queries

Anxious Inquirer: "There is no sure cure for the giggles; but a careful examination of your February report with particular attention to D's may help some.

Newlywed: "The following is recommended by Mrs. Shouter as a good recipe for pickled eggs: Tickle an egg until it chokes to death, then whack it on the bean with a potato masher, and drop the contents into a ten-gallon can of sulphuric acid. Heat slowly with a match and set aside to cool. The egg will be ready for use in about six weeks.





THE closing of the football season has added several more members to the rosters of the debating societies. Some of these are old members, while others are new ones; but in either case we are glad to know that they are interested in this activity.

The plan which was adopted by the Agora several weeks ago, that is, the idea of a mock-Senate, has proved a decided success. It had been welcomed with such a degree of enthusiasm that its sessions often last until that silent foe, hunger, forces an adjournment. But its sessions are characterized not only by length, but by accomplishment as well. Already many bills of national interest have been considered and numerous others are in the calendar awaiting an opportunity to be called for. So impressed was the Forum with the idea of the Agora that a few weeks ago it passed a resolution making it possible for it to resolve itself into a mock-House of Representatives.

Just before the holidays the section teams of B^s and C^s debated before the Forum on the question: "Resolved, That High School fraternities should be abolished." The decision was rendered unanimously in favor of the affirmative, upheld by C^s.

We should like again to remind everyone in school that all are invited to attend the regular debates of either the Agora or the

Forum. We know that everyone cannot belong to a debating society, but we at the same time believe that almost everyone can attend these debates and derive some good from them. This is one reason why we continue to urge you to attend. Another is that the debating of next year must be considered and unless a good foundation is laid this year, we cannot hope for a success next year. Often when a person can obtain something for nothing, he is careless about getting it, but when it becomes necessary for him to give in return, his interest increases. When you attend a debate you get something for nothing. Do not lose the chance.

The first debate of the season for the inter-high school championship will be held within a few days, Friday, January twelfth, when Eastern debates Tech on the question: "Resolved, That a constitutional amendment providing for the recall of elective state judges should be incorporated in the constitutions of the several states." Our team will support the negative, and be composed of E. K. Le Fevre, F. F. Nesbit, and G. C. Miller, with T. O. White as alternate. The debate will be held in the Tech assembly hall, as the last Tech-Eastern debate was held at Eastern.

In preparation for this debate, a preliminary debate on the subject of the recall was arranged between a team composed of W. L. Saunders, Smith, and Whitney, selected from Section B', and our regular team. The result, as might be imagined, was unanimously in favor of our regular team, which supported its own side, the negative.

A person would not have to be very optimistic to prophesy a victory for our team when our friends from Capitol Hill come over

and match their ideas, developed by their classics, against the sparks as driven forth by our blacksmiths. However, accepting this result as inevitable, we shall not gloat over visitors, but hope that they will remain with us long enough to become acquainted with Tech as it is today.

Faculty

THE High School Teachers' Association gave a delightful reception to Dr. and Mrs. Davidson, at the Teacup Inn, on Saturday evening, November eighteenth. Miss Rebecca Shanley, president of the Association, introduced the guests to Dr. and Mrs. Davidson, and to our former superintendent, Mr. Stuart. Captain Oyster and Mrs. Mussey, of the Board of Education were also present. Tech was well represented by a large number of teachers.

On Tuesday, November 28, in the biological laboratory, the faculty gave a dinner in honor of the new principal, Mr. Daniel. The invited guests were Dr. and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Thurston, and Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain. After the dinner most of the faculty and the guests remained for the celebration.

Dramatics

THE members of the Dramatic Club of "Tech" regret very much having to lose Miss Ellis, who was chairman of the faculty committee on dramatics, and whose help has been invaluable in the promotion of dramatic interests. Miss Ellis resigned at the last meeting of the club, in November. Mr. Many has been appointed chairman, so we are sure the club will continue to prosper.

According to the principles of the committee, and with the hearty agreement and co-operation of the members of the club, plays of a more difficult nature will be adopted henceforth.

Under the direction of Mr. Many, some of the members are working on a play entitled, "The Rising of the Moon," by Lady Gregory. This is one of the finest of a series of plays, dedicated to Mr. W. B. Yeats, who is perhaps the greatest representative of the modern school of writers in Ireland.

The exact date of the presentation of this play has not yet been decided, but it will probably be some time in the early part of the spring.





Football

(D) N FRIDAY, December 1, Tech met Central in an exhibition game played for the benefit of the playgrounds, and went down to defeat before what was conceded to be the best team ever turned out by the O Street school. In the first half, our team played their heavier and more experienced opponents to a standstill, but in the second half, weight and size came into their own when Hamilton crossed the goal line for a touchdown. The second touchdown credited to Central came when White attempted a forward pass which was intercepted by Reuter, who sped 30 yards for the score. In this game Morris, our stocky quarter, was forced to retire because of a nasty knock on the head, and to his absence from the game can be attributed the cause of our downfall.

An assembly was held Tuesday morning, December 12, at which the following men were awarded the football emblem: Morris, White, Heine, Knight, Eckendorff, McKinney, Lewis, Corwin, Gibson, Gilbert, Steed, Smith, Hardie, Haight, Putman, Fraser, Kohr, Peake, O'Connell, Davis, and Butte. The team presented Mr. Hecox with a small token in appreciation of his services rendered the team during the present season.

Track

At a meeting of the track team candidates recently called by Capt. Offutt, about 95 men reported. It is the desire of those interested in track athletics that more interest be taken in this branch of school activities. **WE MUST WIN THAT SPRING MEET.** Not only has Central always beaten us in this sport, but its victories have usually been of the runaway variety. This spring it will be represented by a team composed of many veterans, but let Tech get out and show them a few things. To do this the hearty co-operation of every boy in the school is necessary. You can all run. Report to Capt. Offutt immediately after the holidays, prepared to do your level best for your school. Already wonderful progress has been made. Mr. De Grange has arranged for Mr. Mulligan, who last year helped Tech to make the most creditable showing the track team has made for several seasons, to take charge of the fellows immediately following the holidays, when indoor work will commence. For outdoor work Mr. Brady Gish, a well known Olympic champion, has been engaged to round the team into condition for that most important track event, the Spring Meet, to which all other work is but preliminary.





Don't wait until all your expressions become obsolete, and a translator of hieroglyphics has to be employed by the exchange editor to fathom your jokes! Send out your exchanges so they'll arrive at least one month after publication. Get busy.

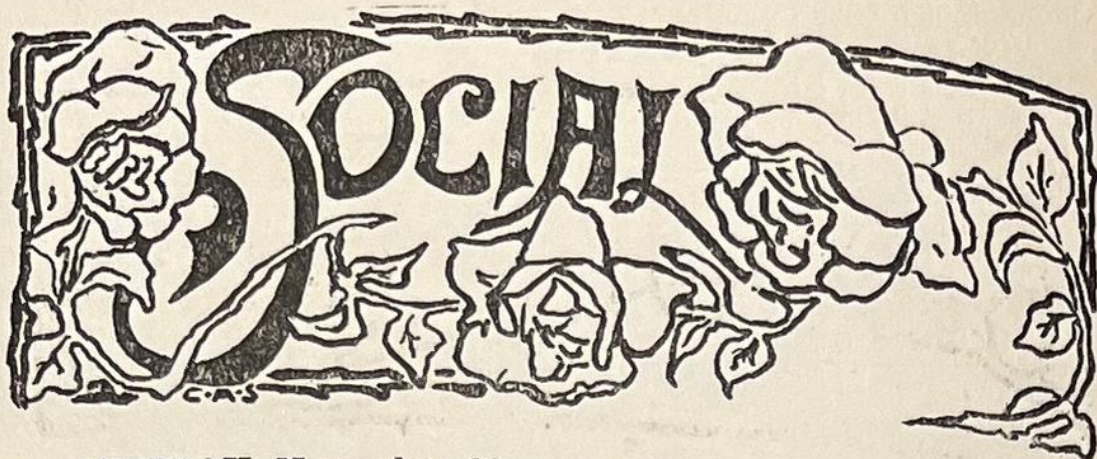
After one has survived the cover of the "Orange and Black," Milton, Pennsylvania, there are few better exchanges on our list. The Science and Class Notes are particularly interesting.

"Pretty good for a beginner," is our comment on the "Hangar" of the Army and Navy Prep School. Try an illustration now and then, young 'un.

The "Tiger" comes from Arkansas. This Tiger has plenty of good claws(es) but—the drawings are rather poor.

We'll wager the Christmas number of the "Tattler" had more to do with making Milwaukee famous than ———. Although rather lean, it is thoroughly enjoyable, especially the Exchanges.

Just think, "Alphian," you can send from Owatonna, Minnesota, a whole pound of printed matter for a cent. A cover design would increase the artistic merits of a very well arranged paper.



TUESDAY, November 28, was a very eventful evening in the history of Tech. It was not only a house-warming and reception to Mr. Daniel, but the tenth anniversary of Tech as an individual school. At six o'clock Mr. Daniel was given a supper by the faculty of the school. After the supper, the faculty, alumni, student body, and friends of the school gathered in the assembly hall and were entertained by a delightful program, Mr. Clafin acting as chairman. Speeches were made by Mr. Daniel, Mr. Thurston, and Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. O'Connell made a short speech and presented the school with a bulletin board for athletics. Slides of the various departments of the school were shown. Mr. Daniel then held a reception in the library. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

The first company dance will be that of "Company D," on Friday evening, January 12, 1912, at Mrs. Dyer's.

The officers of "Company L" cordially invite you to attend their dance to be given at Mrs. Dyer's on Saturday evening, February 3, 1912.

The next company dance will be that of "Company C." It will be held on Friday evening, February 16, 1912, at Mrs. Dyer's.



B' German. Cousins (translating Wilhelm Tell): "Bertha is in the forest alone. Rudenz rushes in alone."

H. Walker (in a shocked voice): "Oh! Not even a chaperone!"

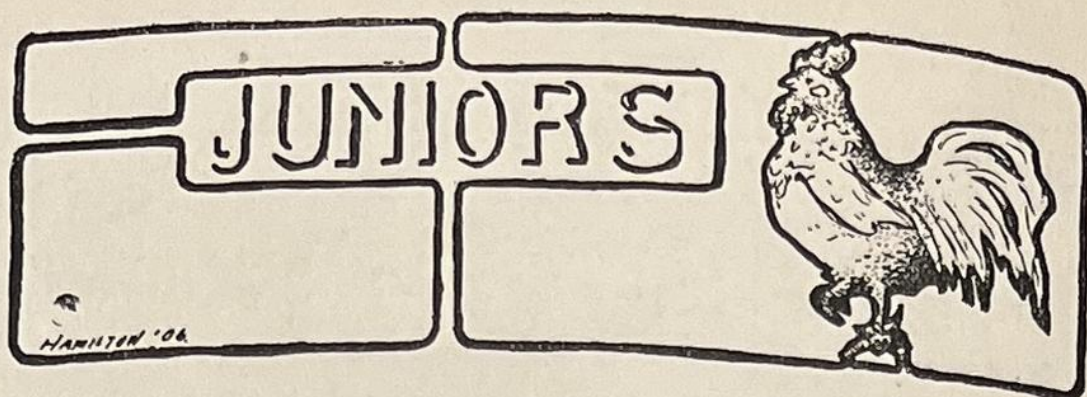
Mr. H. (translating in A' French class): "He advanced his head sweetly and wiggled his ears."

Billy looked at Florence,
"O, what a pretty Miss!"
He stole a little nearer,
Then bashful, stole a—way.

A' Math—It has been definitely decided to procure a sofa for Mr. Prender's use, as he finds the desks unfit for sleeping purposes.

One of the girls says that Max Tucker to the theater.

Furbershaw (A' F. D.): "I don't like those drinking fountains. You have to drink till your neck is full, then stand up, let it run down, then drink again."



Shoemaker (in B^s Math.): "Find the length of the line drawn from the center of DF to the vertex B."

Mr. Myers: "How?"

Shoemaker: "Measure it."

Bradley (translating German): "He handled it as if he didn't have his glasses on."

Correct translation: He handled it as if it were glass.

(A^s in English filling in blanks in sentences with "shall" or "will.")

"Ducky" Holmes: "I don't know any more about these rules than the man in the moon."

Kirchner: "I bet I made some bum guesses."

Holmes: "I flipped a nickel for the last five."

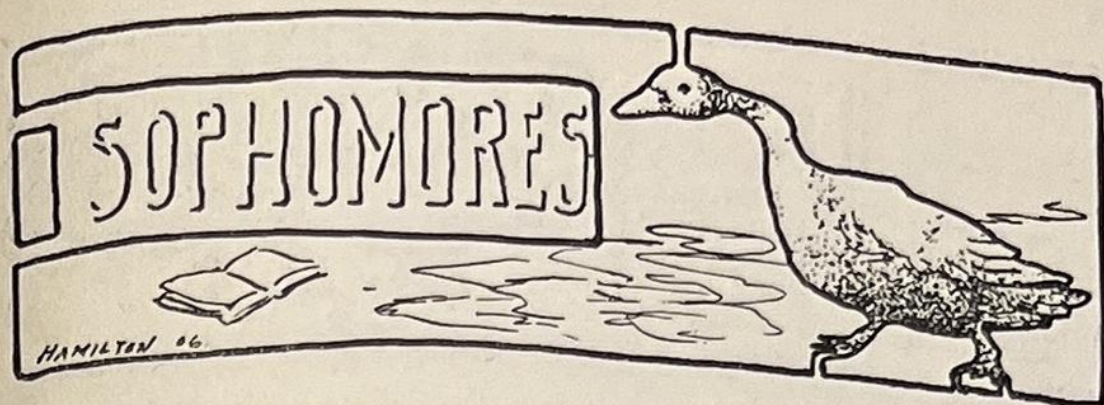
Miss S., (A^s chemistry): Mr. Marsh, isn't a gas present in this mixture?"

Mr. Marsh: "Of course, can't you see it?"

Petrie: "I want my hair cut."

Barber: "Any special way?"

Petrie: "Yes, off."



Dr. Hedrick (in E^s Physics): "What's the difference between a jeweled watch and a non-jeweled watch?"
Smith: "Ten or twelve dollars."

Mr. Mattern (D^s Chemistry): "Campbell, explain Carre's Ice Machine."

Campbell (noted for his brightness): "They take ammonia and liquify it. When it returns to the gaseous state it absorbs heat, and the heat is used to make ice."

Wells of D^s, who is the band leader, wants engagements to play at funerals.

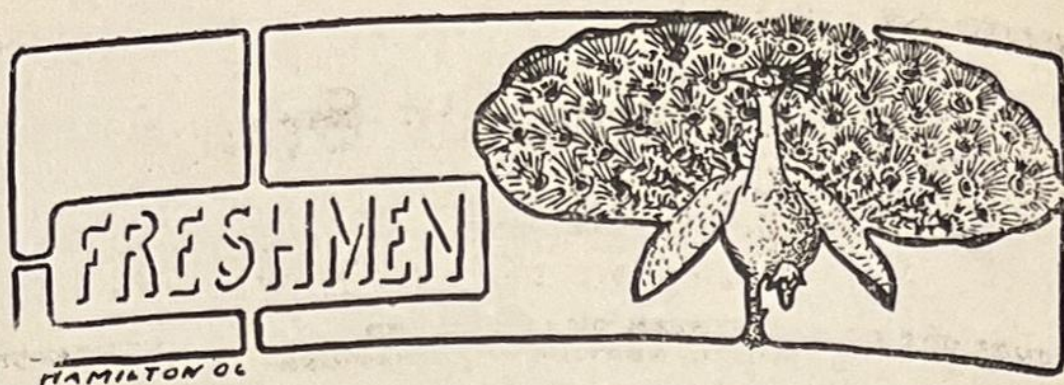
In our physics section (A^s) we are well supplied with "Watts." We have three varieties, ordinary watts, kilowatts, and last but not least Bessie Watts. Now watt do you think of that?

Mr. Peck (A^s Physics): "How long does a lamp burn in the evening?"

Miss Pratt: "It all depends on who is there to see you."

Mr. Bruce (teaching C^s Physics): "Mr. Kemper, how is this city supplied with water?"

Floating voice: "What does he know about that?"



Mr. Many: "Tell me some of the arts."
Grisscom, K': "The art of embalming."

Heard in I' Math.

Miss Bond: "Mr. B., explain the problem."

Mr. B.: "Let X equal the number of years before the son will be as old as his father."

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How to raise a baked potato 1°C by means of the latent heat of a red-headed boy's hair.
To find the Connecticut energy of an old shoe thrown at a cat by means of the frequency of sound waves and coroner's inquest of the cat.

"His face fell, and broke into a smile."

A kid got onto a weighing machine,
From his eye gleamed a villainous ray,
He put a lead penny into the slot
And silently stole a weigh.

HAND AND MIND

41

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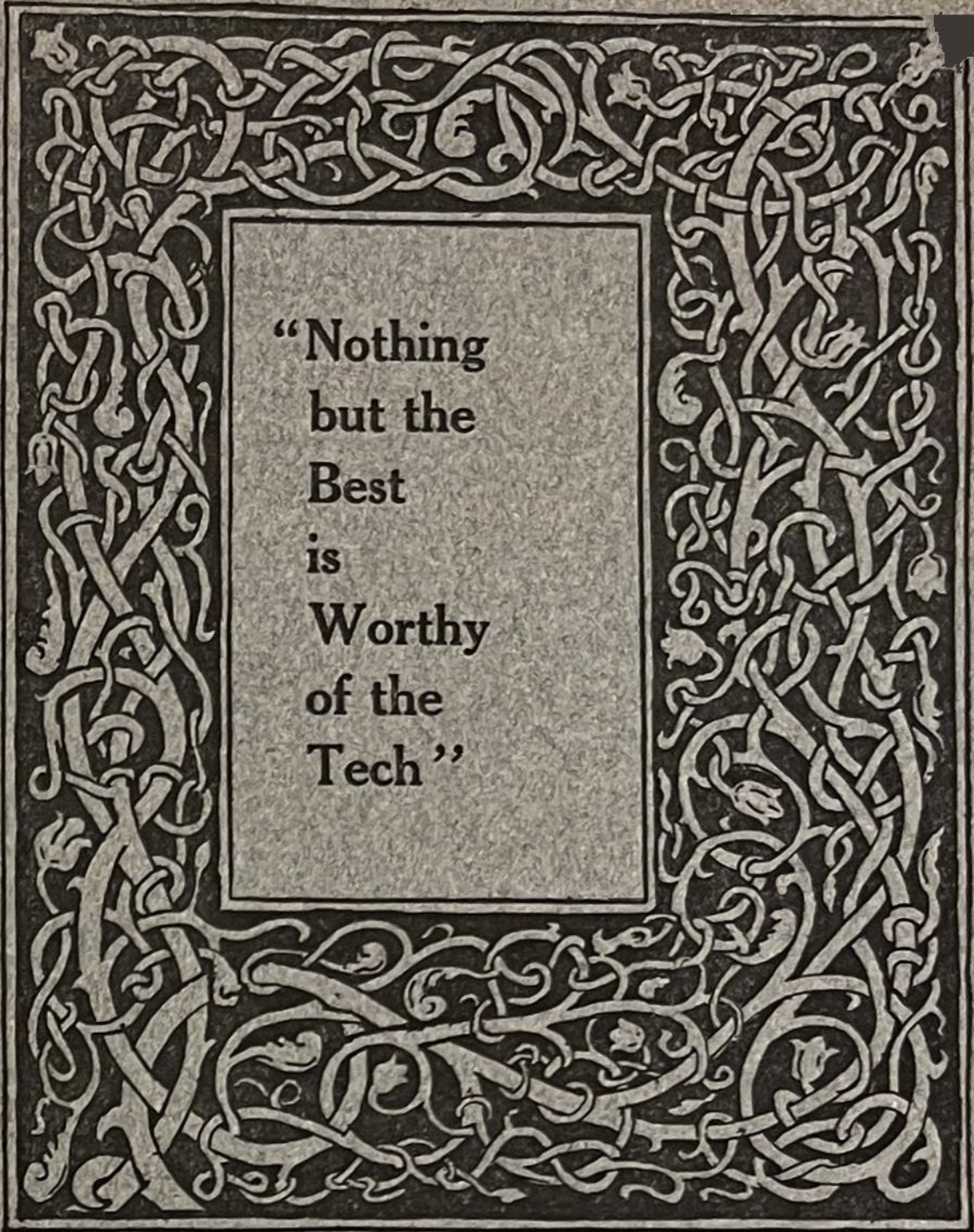
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HAND AND MIND

VOL. 10

FEBRUARY, 1912

No. 4

HAND AND MIND is a Magazine published monthly during the school year for, and by, the students of the McKinley Manual Training School and its alumni.

Literary Contributions are solicited from all, both students and alumni. All matter should be written in ink, on one side of the paper only, and put in the box.

All business communications should be addressed to Millard F. Peake, McKinley Manual Training School, Washington, D. C.

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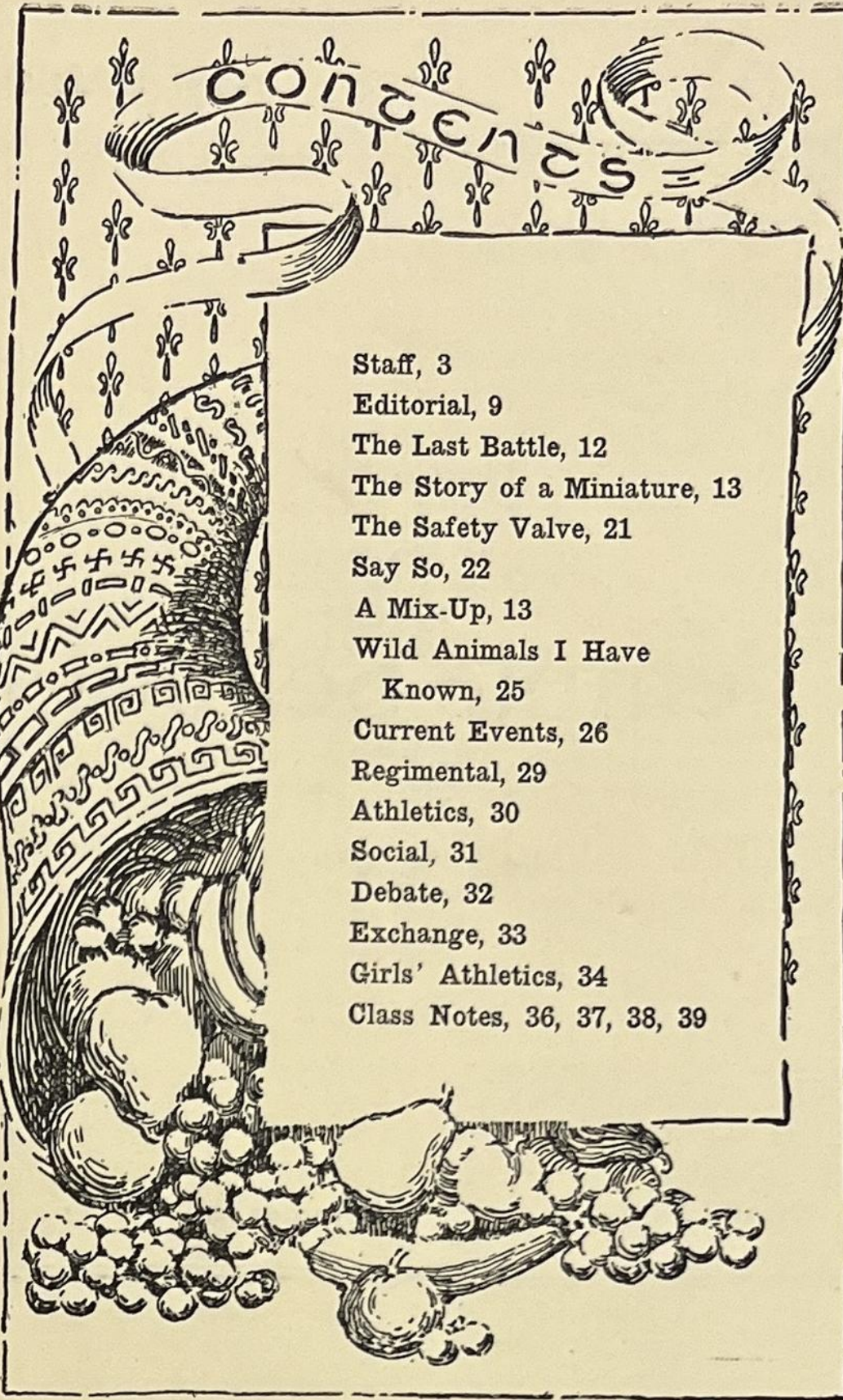
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Day and Night

Summer and Winter

February, 1912

Hand
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Vol. 10, No. 4



THE STORY OF A MINIATURE (Page 13)

Hand and Mind

VOL. 10

FEBRUARY, 1912

No. 4

TRACK ATHLETICS

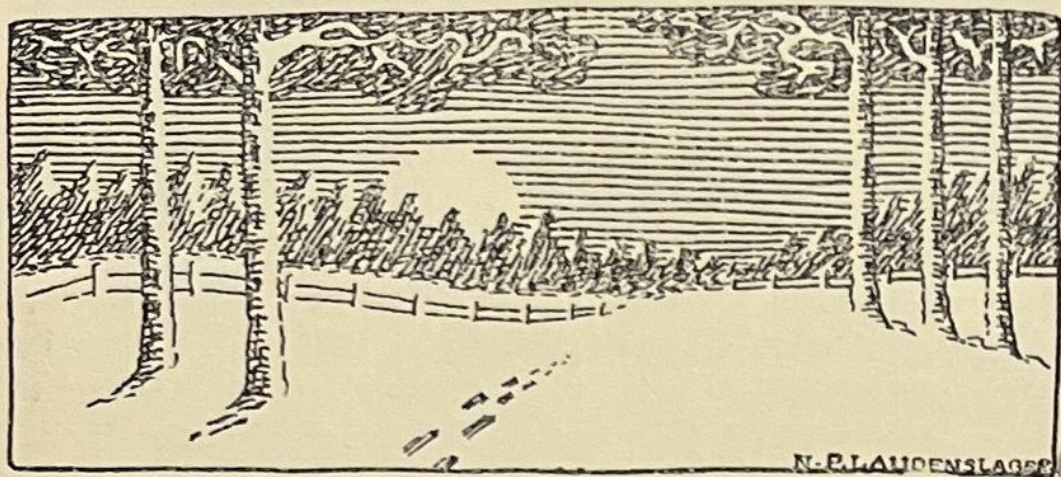
The biggest school activity before us now is track. The sounds of mirth and pounding feet that issue from the third floor every afternoon, betoken, even to the uninitiated, that something is going on. Something is going, several things in fact, clad in abbreviated costumes, rushing from one end of the corridor to the other. But do not be alarmed. It is the track team, training for the Inter-High meet. They are out to win, like every other Tech team; and like every other team, support on the part of the school means everything. Tech has a fine chance of making a better showing against Central, its only real competitor, this year than it ever has before. So root for the track team.

AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Due to oversight on the part of the editor, an acknowledgement of Mr. Adams' courtesy and photographic skill in furnishing the HAND AND MIND with his picture of the completed building, was omitted. We thank him on behalf of the HAND AND MIND, and although, due to a mistake of the printer, the half-tone was inserted in the wrong place, we are sure that it was appreciated by the school.

THE PRIZE STORY COMPETITION

In bringing up this much discussed topic, we feel somewhat like the speaker, who, when he arose to address an audience on the subject of his home State, always said: "I'm from Arkansas, now laugh, durn ye!" But this competition is no laughing matter. The results so far have been very encouraging. Some of the best stories have been published, others will be published in the next issue. **THE DATE HAS BEEN EXTENDED TO FEBRUARY 16.** No stories received after that date will be accepted. The ballots for the subscribers' votes will appear in the March issue and the winners will be announced as soon as possible. In the first issue it was stated that a prize would be offered for the best poem, and this offer still stands, but no entries have been received and passed as yet. Don't forget to read the stories carefully so that you will be able to vote intelligently.



In Memoriam
Norman H. Locke
1912

The Last Battle

And so from out the sunless West
Came Arthur's hosts to fight
The traitor to the king's commands,
Sir Modred, dark as night.
They met on Salisbury's plain,
And fought a fight most sore;
Of Modred's hundred thousand men
Not one saw sunlight more.

The plain was heaped with dying men,
Who groaned and shrieked aloud,
And in the midst Sir Modred stood,
As dark as death's own shroud.
And here King Arthur found him soon,
And taking spear in hand,
He swore to kill the traitor knight,
Or lose his fairy brand.

So there they fought the battle out,
Till both were wounded sore,
Modred never to rise again,
And Arthur at death's door.
And thus King Arthur's reign did end,
'Mid desolating strife,
And with it Britain's king of kings,
Passed from this earthly life.

Clay Holmes, E^r.

A Story of a Miniature

M. PROCTOR, A^s



ABOUT twelve years ago, while I was a customs officer, stationed at St. Paul, Minnesota, I was the inadvertent witness of a strange occurrence.

It began when one day a trunk came into my hands, battered and burst open at one side.

I was at once attracted by the bulk of the trunk and its peculiar style. It might have belonged to my great grandfather, from the quaint round top and rough, hairy sides. Upon examining its contents, I found, in one corner, a tiny miniature picture of a most beautiful girl. It was incased in a gold frame mounted with diamonds, and reminded me, strangely of one I had seen several years previously in the British Museum. I soon identified it as a picture of the famous beauty Nell Gwynne, and knew that there was supposed to be only one in existence.

Investigation, however, proved that this was not the one which I had seen in the British Museum. I then examined the miniature in my possession and discovered in tiny letters the artist's name and date, "Pierre de la Fontaine, 1672."

Upon applying to the authorities on the Canadian side I received the following information:

"Man—5 feet 6 inches tall, weighing 150 lbs.; shabbily dressed in dark brown-black slouch hat; rough black whiskers; dark eyes and hair; one of upper front teeth missing; sharp features; seem-

ingly a Frenchman; checked large, round-top, hair trunk through to U. S. with statement that it would be called for." I continued to search for such a man for many days.

About a week later, while on my way to Port Arthur, Canada, just as we were pulling into the little village of Lakeside, on the northern shore of Lake Superior, our train came to an unscheduled stop. In a short while I learned that we were "blocked out" by a freight wreck a short distance ahead and that there would probably be a delay of two or three hours. So, rather than sit idly in the train, I concluded to take a quiet walk through the little village of Lakeside. I drew out my watch. It was just 10:25.

"I can allow myself two hours," I reflected. Lighting a cigar, I started off for a sight-seeing trip through this beautiful region. At last I came to the business district, consisting of a blacksmith shop, and a small store over the door of which hung a sign reading, "General Merchandise." Grouped about the door of this building were half a dozen men of as many different nationalities, I should judge. All were smoking or chewing and talking. As I sauntered over in their direction, I heard one of the men exclaim in an excited Yankee drawl, "Yes, he were a very queer sort o' man—very queer, he were; but w'at struck me most were th' way he didn't like t' talk—jest quiet like an' mysterious." It was probably because I was in a talkative mood just then that I asked, almost involuntarily, "Who?" and drew nearer to the group.

The man turned to me, and in a friendly voice answered, "That there man, Pete Fontaine," and as he did so, he carefully withdrew the old corn-cob pipe from his mouth, and using it to point in the direction of a queer looking shack on the opposite side of the road, repeated, "Pete Fontaine, over thar' in Cy White's un-

dertakin' place. Yes indeed, he were a funny man, for sartin he were. But, lands alive, yew can't tell w'at these yere hermits is a-goin' ter doo next."

Then at an invitation to "set down," which I accepted, I heard the following story from this old gossip, who, I could plainly see, was willing to tell to an inquirer, the latest tragedy of the town.

"Yew know," he began, "this yere man was a hermit—lived off yonder in them woods," indicating a northwesterly direction, and he were for sartin a queer man. He'd cum up here to my place onc't in a while fer a few odds an' ends, an' he was always a-givin' me this bloomin' old French money. Still I guess he couldn't help it—pore man, he were French—least he looked it; iron gray hair, black eyes, man 60 years old, if a day—well, anyhow, 'twas this a-way. Bill Smith an' me was a-fishin off yonder coast," here he indicated an eastward direction with his pipe stem. "We was a-fishin' thar yestiddy an' was a-haulin' in our nets, which we'd left out all night, an' w'at should we see, a-layin' in the bottom o' that there net, when we brought it in, but Pete Fontaine, dead as a door nail. So we cum up here an' tol' Cy White, an he fetched him up to his place over yonder thar. Cy White said it were su-er-side er somethin' on that sort, an' goodness me, I hope that ain't ketchin'. I got a family of nine kids ter keep, an buryin' expenses is high now."

"I think I will go over and see Pete," said I, "as your description reminds me of a man in whom I am interested."

I was convinced that I had discovered the mysterious trunk owner and felt sure that I would find the upper front tooth of the dead man missing. I crossed the street and entered Cy White's gruesome little shop. It was still and unoccupied save that in the middle of the floor stood a rudely built catafalque upon which, in

a cheap pine coffin, lay all that remained of the strange hermit. Approaching and gazing into the still white face with its sharply chiseled features and high, broad forehead, I gently lifted the upper lip, which had not yet assumed the rigor of death. No tooth was missing.

Who was this mysterious Frenchman whose name was the same as that of the French miniature artist, Anglicized, and where was the man who had possessed Nell Gwynne's picture? I was so deeply interested in this curious network of circumstances which baffled all comprehension, that I determined to risk losing my train if by so doing I might learn something tangible. So I crossed over to the little group of men, still sitting where I had left them, and upon asking as to the location of Pete's home, received an answer from my previous informer.

"I judge it's over yonder in them woods." Here he nodded toward the northwest. "Leastwise," he continued, "that's where he usually went after he'd bin at my store buyin' salt an sugar an'—"

But I thanked the man and hurried off in the direction indicated, knowing that if I waited I would never hear the end of his long harangue.

I had traveled, with much difficulty, about one-half a mile through a dense woods, when I came to a narrow footpath, which I followed for perhaps three miles, until I came, suddenly, in sight of a rude little hut, built against a huge oak tree. "What an odd looking, yet picturesque little place," I thought. "Probably the home of the hermit."

Upon glancing about for some signs of an occupant, and finding none, I entered. Everything within was topsy-turvy, as though the place had been looted by tramps. There was nothing especially attractive about the interior. So I turned to leave; but

HAN

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paper, were
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I retraced my
in time to catch my
strange bits of tragedy, and trying, in
together.

The death of the hermit, however, and the identity of the strange trunk owner, remained a mystery until about seven years ago, when while travelling through Algiers, Africa, I met a certain prison official in that city. In the course of one of our conversations, he drew from one of his coat pockets a roll of paper, and handing it to me he said, "Perhaps you may be interested in reading this, which is a confession of a man who had been confined to one of the cells in the city prison for about a month, being held for a small theft. He died about a week ago, of the terrible fever which is so common among the natives of this place, and this was found in his cell."

That night, while in the quiet of my room at the hotel, settled in a comfortable chair, I began, "The Confession of Paul Lavisse." It ran as follows:

"Some five years ago, while working my way across the Atlantic, as a steerage passenger, I chanced to make the acquaintance of one of the cabin passengers who had quite a whim for investigating the steerage conditions.

"His name was Jacques de la Fontaine, a wealthy Frenchman, and although I was very poor, of course, the fact that our nationality was the same, may have accounted for his taking such

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To marry her,

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ing s miniature and kept it with him

willed it to his eldest son with the proviso
that it should always remain in the family.

“ ‘About forty-five years ago, my twin brother, Pierre, then only twenty years old, disappeared with the picture and no trace has ever been found of him except that he came to America to live. I judge he has never married, for he had always expressed his intention of living as a hermit. Now I am on my way to find him and obtain the picture so that I may hand it down to my eldest son. If you will undertake to find him and restore to me the picture, I will give you for your trouble twenty-five thousand francs. I have no more idea than you where he may be found, nor even if he is alive. That is for you to discover. If, however, I find him, then twenty-five per cent only of the named sum will be your share. I will pay all your expenses while on your search.’

“The contract was agreed to, necessary papers signed, and we parted when we landed in the United States—both promising to keep up a correspondence.

“Luck was with me, and six weeks after landing, I had discovered the man of my search living in a little woods in northeast Minnesota. I went to his hut and after explaining that his brother, who had an heir, wished possession of the much coveted miniature in order that his descendants might inherit it, and

after showing him the papers with his brother's signature affixed, I was greatly surprised and angered to hear him say that it should never go out of his hands; that he was deeply in love with the picture of the beautiful girl and that no one else should ever have it. He also added that the secret resting place of the picture would never be revealed. I left his hut that night very angry. This, then, was to be the outcome of my anticipated fortune. But I determined otherwise.

"I lurked about the woods all the next day, awaiting my opportunity, and that night, when he was fast asleep, I went into his hut, chloroformed him, and made a thorough search for the picture, taking nearly the entire night. I finally discovered it in a secret closet in one of the walls. I started to leave, but for some reason turned back and looked at the man. Bending over him I felt his pulse and was almost struck dumb at the discovery that it had ceased to beat. The dose had been too strong and had killed him. In my fearful realization of the crime I had committed, I hardly knew what to do. I seemed suddenly to be seized with a frenzy and in this condition, scarcely knowing what I was doing, I lifted the body of the man to my shoulder and succeeded in carrying it to the lake, where I dropped it into the waters. I hoped that this would cover my crime. Then returning to the hut, I sought to destroy anything which might incriminate me in this awful tragedy. In my excitement I hardly realized what I was doing. I ransacked the place to find any tell-tale objects, and seeing a pile of papers in one corner, struck a match and burned them. Some of them were damp, I noticed; but concluding that the majority would burn, I left immediately, taking with me an old battered-up trunk in which I intended putting some miscellaneous articles with the miniature, which I knew if found on me, so shabbily dressed, would arouse suspicion.

And I knew that such a disreputable looking person as I would surely look suspicious and be examined by the customs officers. "My plan was to leave the picture in the trunk, and then, acting as someone's servant, call for the trunk after I had gotten safely over.

"I soon read in the newspapers that a man answering to my description was being searched for. I thought the murder had been discovered. So taking flight I escaped to South America, where I wandered all about in constant fear of being captured; and finally, with just enough money left, I came to Africa, where I have since spent many miserable days.

"My constant appeal, through the mails, for more money, or help of some sort, from Jacques de la Fontaine, were in vain. That man, the cause of all my ruin, had disappeared absolutely. Evidently he was afraid of being involved in the tragedy by the exposure of the papers; at any rate, he had not kept his word. Yet I could not prove it because the papers were burned. They had accidentally dropped from my coat pocket when I leaned over to destroy the other papers in the corner of the hut. This was the only way I could account for their disappearance.

"And now I am here in this prison, dying from this horrible fever which never spares. My unhappy life will soon come to a close. I have made my confession—God forgive me. Adieu."

The Safety Valve

Tech

Vol. 1 No. 1.

THE SAFETY VALVE

Published for the relief of and by the members of the Daffydil Club, when the wardens are not looking.

Contributions accepted from anybody. They should be written on three sides of the paper, and put in the waste basket.

Our motto: "Half the world is squirrels and the other half is nuts."

If Momsen can paddle up to Great Falls, how far can Monroe?

If Mr. Daniel told her she could not come in the front door, what would Esther Ramsay?

If the Senior class won't dance the Turkey Trot, will the dish rag?

If the faculty was playing cards would Miss Alice Deal?

N. B.—Call Main 9740 for the ambulance.

TRACK

Our hero started out with Snapp, ran two Lapps before he Felt the pace, stepped on a Marble with his Offut and rolled into the Lake. The crowd then threw three Fitz.

Hourwich says he is thinking of taking out a couple of patents. He means a pair of patent leather shoes.

Why is Archibald? He don't use Herpicide.

THE TECHITE

There was a young fellow from Tech,

Instructed in Physics by Peck;

He could weigh the moon

With an old silver spoon,

And a quart of cranberries, by Heck!

Say So

We've got another once-new idea here, a revival of the Letter-Box. We know that the students here have opinions as to the way this magazine should be run "kicks" and "knocks. If you have, here is your chance to SAY SO. Write a note or a letter, put it in the HAND AND MIND Box, giving your ideas on the matter. As Milton might have said, "They serve too who only stand and kick." Every knock is a boost. If you like HAND AND MIND, or if you don't like it, SAY SO.

HERE'S ONE

"George E. Howard says, 'We print anything.' After reading the jokes in the last HAND AND MIND we believe him." So do we; but don't forget this: the staff is not responsible for the jokes—the school is. This is a prototype of most of the kicks. Bum jokes! The editors don't hunt for that kind, although it may seem so. We try to select the best. Send in a few funny ones yourself.

"The biggest trouble is that too much space is given to departments which don't interest much of anybody." This is a weighty question. What do you think about it? We believe that a well written department is interesting even if the reader is not directly connected with the activity. This is the view that has been held in the past. It is a matter for the opinion of the majority. If you agree with it SAY SO, if you don't, SAY SO.

A Mix Up

C. C. Hough, B'



As a newspaper reporter should, when I worked for "THE NEWS," I was continually on the lookout for something new. I made some bold attempts to secure some stories which looked promising.

One evening, as I was dining with a group of friends, it was proposed that everyone should tell a story. By the time the last one had finished, we were indeed a merry lot. I was so impressed with the story of one of the young fellows that I saw him after the party had broken up and asked him if he would be willing to dictate it to me some time later, in fuller detail; for I thought it might make a splendid story for "THE NEWS," for which I was working at that time. He replied that he would, and the next evening found me at his room, where he gave me the following story:

The other morning, as I was at my desk in the office where I work, I was called by my chief to his office. When I reached there I was told that I was wanted for an errand down the river. I was given my instructions, and as the work was of an official nature, I was given a pass to a government boat. The boat happened to be running that day as a special for a patriotic society that was headed by some influential people. I did not relish the job very much, for I knew that there would be a crowd on the boat, and besides it was a damp, cold, foggy morning. I started out, and it seemed as if it were even more foggy when I got to the wharf than it had been before. The boat started at

last. It was very crowded, although it was not quite as bad as it would have been had it been a fair day. I soon found a fellow whom I knew, who persuaded me to go up on the upper deck. As we got on deck I noticed a group of ladies, which was rather surprising, as almost every one was keeping as much below as possible. A boy about eight years old was playing close by with a white, long-haired poodle. The deck was very slippery, but I did not think that either was in danger of slipping off under the rail.

We paid no more attention to them until we heard a shrill scream from one of the ladies, "He's overboard!" They all seemed excited and one lady behaved almost as if she was crazy. In no time everyone on the boat was yelling "Man overboard!" My friend threw off his coat and hat and dived over. He was lost from sight almost immediately, for the fog shut down like a curtain over him. The boat was moving rapidly, but it was soon slowed down and slowly turned around.

In the meantime, a life-boat had been lowered and manned by four sailors. They carried with them some blankets and an emergency kit. During this time the greatest confusion reigned. Bells were being rung and whistles blown, and all of the people who were not doing anything else were running and shouting. At last the life-boat came in sight. It contained the sailors who had started out and two blanket wrapped figures. When the boat came up to the ship one of them proved to be my friend, who stepped nimbly aboard. The other bundle was handed to the lady who started the alarm. With an expression of joy she raised the edge of the blanket. As she did so, out popped the head of the poodle. Then the boy ran up and exclaimed, "Oh, mother, didn't he make a big splash!"

My Sweet Peg Machree

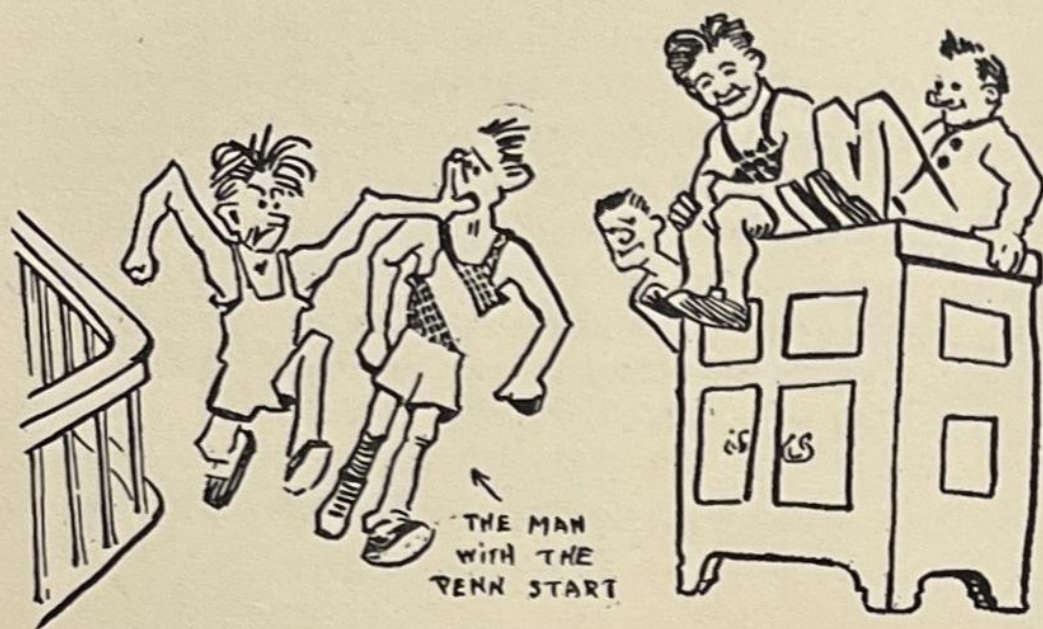
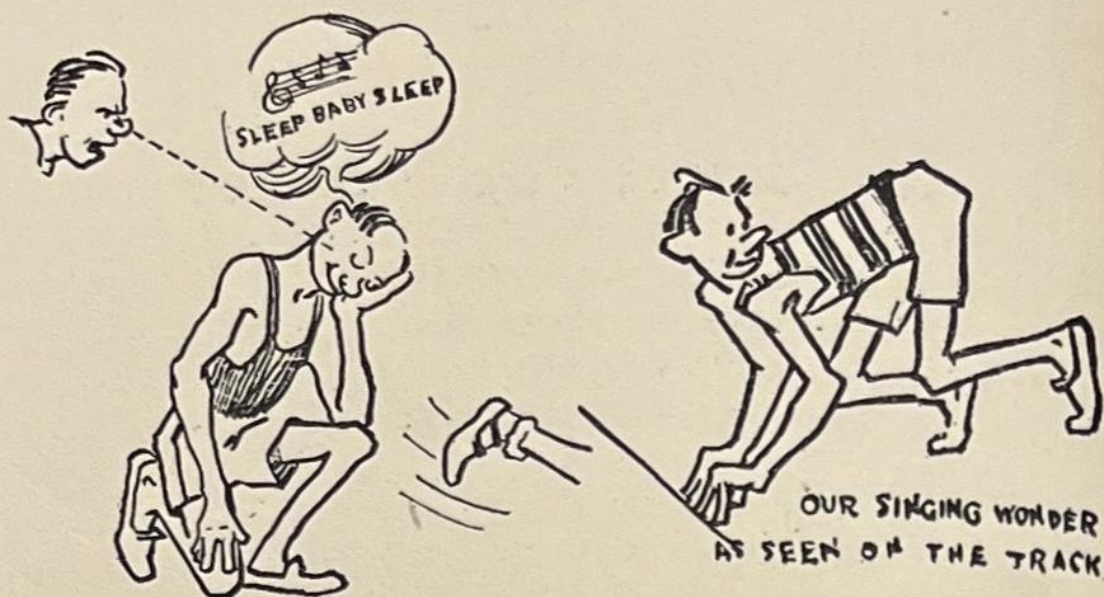
As I wander by the hedgerows,
And beside the toiling sea,
I still see the lithesome figure
Of my own sweet Peg Machree.

She came dancing o'er the water,
Like the sparkling feather foam;
There was none like my sweet Peggy
In the land that I call home.

Through the fields of Tipperary
She came tripping oft to me,
With a grace so like a fairy,
She was my sweet Peg Machree.

Ah! to leave you there; to leave you,
And go wandering o'er the sea,
Tore the heart of him who loved you,
Oh! my own, sweet Peg Machree.

Gertrude V. Brown, '11.



WE ARE ON THEIR TRACK

Current Events

This department is a new departure for HAND AND MIND, but the editors, believing that the object of a school magazine is to inform, offer this review of current events in the hope that it will do so. The HAND AND MIND is responsible for all statements appearing herein. Give us your opinions on the matter as suggested on page 22.

By far the most important event in the politics of our country is the coming presidential election, which will occur on November

8 next. The dissatisfaction with the Republican administration is widespread and the Democratic party stands a better chance of electing the next president than it has for many years. The Republicans will not give

THE PRESIDENTIAL OUTLOOK

up without a struggle, however, and the contest will be one of the closest in years. The leading candidates for the Republican nomination are Mr. Taft and Senator LaFollette, with Col. Roosevelt as a possible dark horse. The indications seem to show that Mr. Taft will get the Republican nomination. The possibilities on the Democratic side are Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey, sometimes called Would-run Wilson, Governor Harmon of Ohio, Champ Clark, Speaker of the House, Mr. Folk of Missouri, and possibly Mr. Underwood. The nomination hangs in the balance and will go far to decide the fate of the Democrats at election. Governor Wilson would probably make as good a

showing as any, but it is doubtful if he is politician enough to secure the nomination. Both parties have started their campaigns and as usual, both claim the victory, but it will not be decided until next November.

January 1, 1912, witnessed the formal declaration of the establishment of a Chinese republic in China. According to the latest reports, the victory is in the hands of the revolutionists; the Manchu emperor has abdicated and Yuan Shi Kai has resigned as premier. The experiment of a republic in China is looked upon with considerable doubt by diplomats and statesmen.

The success of a republic depends upon the interest and intelligence of the people, and it is notorious that the body of the Chinese people, the future voters, are the most ignorant and poverty-stricken in the world. But the leaders of the movement understand the people far better than we of the west, and will undoubtedly do the wisest thing. China's Declaration of Independence has been issued; it remains to establish the republic.

The situation in Persia is one of great interest. This little country, rich in mineral deposits and containing several valuable trade routes, has for years been watched with the utmost care by British in India on one side, and the Russians from southern Russia on the other. It is the strategic key to India, and it is necessary for England to maintain Persia's position as a neutral territory if India is to be held for England. Russia has considered lately that it has been offended by Persia. Mohammed Ali was dethroned in 1909 and his son Almad succeeded him, but matters were not improved. The present trouble really began

with the return of Mohammed Ali in disguise and his attempt to regain the throne. He was defeated when he attacked Teheran, but the government was left in a very unstable condition. Russia and England stepped forward at once and offered to adjust matters "disinterestedly." Morgan Shuster, financial adviser to Persia, an American and a Washingtonian, too, raised strong objections, but has been practically overruled by the powers. As matters stand now, Persia will probably be divided among Russia, England and Germany, whose motto is, "every little nation for itself and we'll get the hindmost."





The cadet regiment is beginning to look more like real cadets than a mere collection of civilians. The officers and men are beginning to don their uniforms, and assume a military air. The companies are gradually rounding into better form, but the progress is very slow. The greatest drawback is the fact that the general tendency is to slur through the squad movements. As the whole secret of a well-drilled company lies in their complete mastery of the "School of the Squad," it is necessary to master these details before attempting to proceed into the "School of the Company."

The cold weather is here and it is impossible to predict the variety of weather that will visit us. But it is certain that there will be many indoor drills. The indoor drills will give the cadets opportunity to perfect the "Manual of Arms." It is advisable that the Captains make the best possible progress in the foot movements, while the weather admits of outside drills.

The officers of the Tech companies have arranged to give their company dances at Mrs. Dyer's in the following order:

Company D Dance, January 12, 1912.

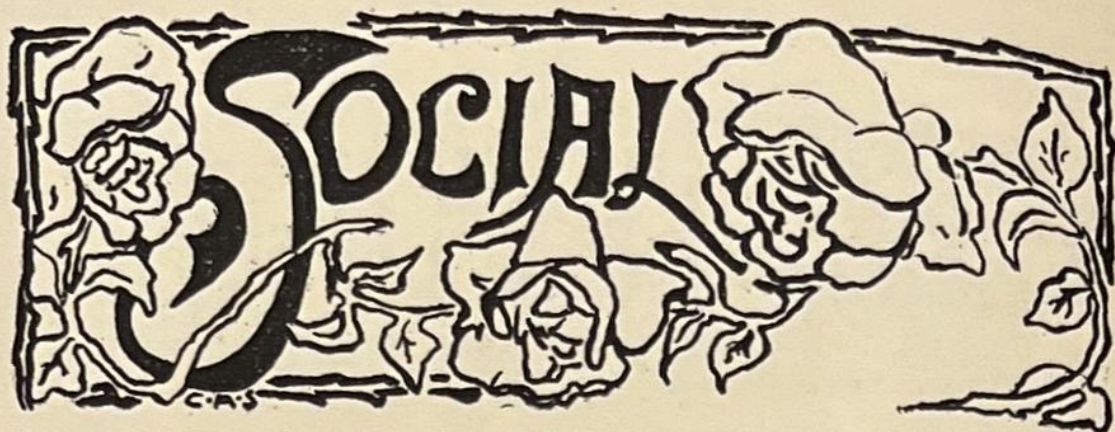
Company L Dance, February 3, 1912.

Company C Dance, February 16, 1912.

Company K Dance, April 19, 1912.

ATHLETICS

For over a month candidates for the track team have been practicing faithfully under the able direction of Coach Mulligan and Captain Offut and by the time of the first indoor meet on February 10, the squad will be in condition to render a good account of itself. From present indications, the outlook for the coming season is very promising. Davis and Offut in the sprints, DeGrange and Fortier in the four-forty, and Ettinger, Fitzpatrick and Lake in the distance runs are all showing excellent form and expect to place in their respective events. Lewis, a newcomer in Tech athletic circles, is vaulting in great style, and though he is exceedingly modest himself, his friends are not as bashful and are warning all to beware of their man. A match race has been arranged between our Senior relay team, which will be selected from Offut, DeGrange, Fortier, Davis, McLean, and Ettinger, and the team representing Western; and our boys are confident of showing the wearers of the Red and White their heels. The midget relay team will also race and they hope to better the brilliant record made last year.



On Saturday evening, December 16, Captain Whitney entertained his company at Takoma Park. The hall was prettily decorated in pennants and maroon and gray paper. There was a competitive drill of six men, the best driller from each squad being chosen. The first honors were given to Private Wilbur of the 5th squad, and the second honors went to Private Smallwood of the 6th squad. Captain Saunders, Lieutenant Klopfer and Lieutenant Gibbons acted as judges. The chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Burdett, and Miss Marsh.

The Regimental Dance was a great success. Everyone spent a most enjoyable evening.

The dance of Company D was a big success, both socially and financially.

The officers of Company L gave a very successful dance on the evening of February 3. It was well attended and every one had a good time.



On January 12 the Tech team debated the Eastern team in our own assembly hall. It is hardly necessary to say that the decision was in favor of Eastern, as by now that fact is only too well known. Our team was composed of Messrs. F. F. Nesbit, G. C. Miller, and E. K. LeFevre, with T. O. White as alternate.

Disregarding the fact that our team was defeated they are still worthy of considerable praise, for undoubtedly they were well equipped for the contest and reflected credit upon the school.

The championship for the high school series now lies between Eastern and Central, and it seems as though the odds are in favor of the latter.

Although Tech has not won a debate championship for so long that it would take some time to realize the fact, should such a thing come to pass, it has won something else. It has shown to all that not only victory inspires it to contest, but the love of the contest instead. Also that we can be a good loser as well as a good winner.



The Scrip, Soldan High School, St. Louis, Mo., has several good stories and an interesting joke department.

Student, Oklahoma High School, needs a higher quality of paper to better the appearance of its cuts.

The Orient, East Side High School, Newark, N. J., lacks support from the student body. Otherwise it is an excellent magazine.

The Easterner has a very good Current Event department. The cover design is particularly good.

We have among our exchanges the following: The Orient, The Caliper, The Oracle, The Easterner, The Western, The Review, The Tattler, The Balance Sheet, The Tiger, The Sampson, The Scrip, The Widow, Central, Cleveland, Ohio, The Orange and Black, The Hangar, The Alphon, The Student.

My face is my fortune.

How long have you been broke?

—Ex.

Girls' Athletics

As nothing has happened in the way of girls' athletics lately, and we hate to see the department left out, we have written a brief description of what did NOT happen.

Our basketball team has not been practicing all the fall for the Inter-High games. It had not beaten all the teams but Central's, and although we had a pretty good team, it was not very much afraid of Central. On December 33, the match game with Central did not come off, and we did not beat them easily with a score of 23 to 0, therefore not winning the championship.

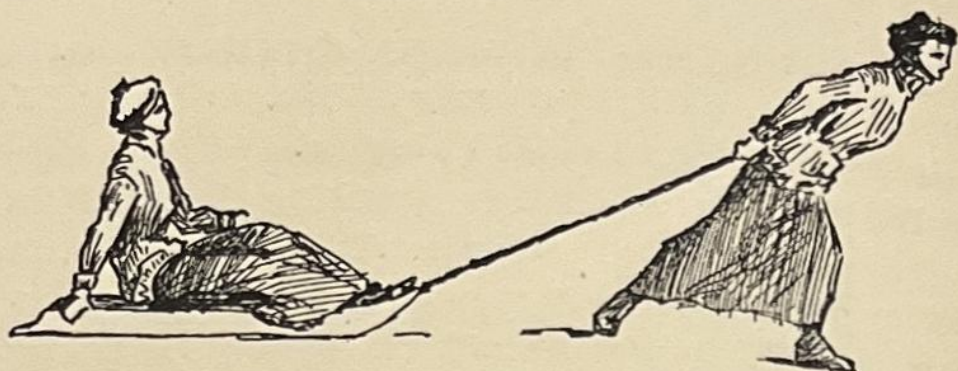
A swimming and diving match was not arranged for the girls of the school at the bathing beach. The weather was cool; nevertheless, quite a crowd did not come out. The ice did not have to be chopped off the top before it took place, and each of the spectators did not have to be furnished with a little oil stove and a pair of foot-muffs. Miss Kiazzy of Z¹⁰ did not win both prizes, which did not consist of hand-painted snowballs.

The third walk of the season did not come off on Saturday, January — About thirty girls and several teachers did not meet at the school at 6:30 and walk to Alexandria. It was not a most



interesting walk, and at the end, the pedestrians were not refreshed with ice cream and cold drinks bought at the Virginia metropolis.

But you never can tell what won't happen again.



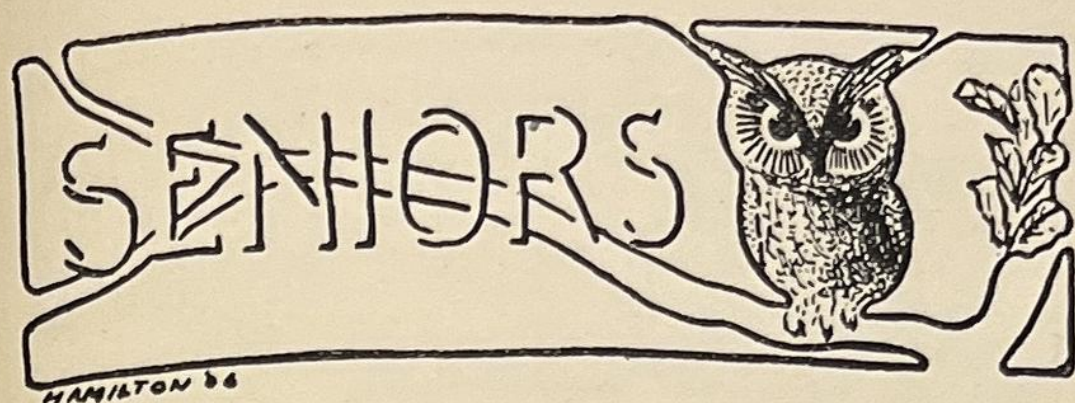
Contractor: I wish to get a permit to dig up the pavement on Main Street.

Why, we can't give you that. There isn't any pavement in Main Street.

I know; but I want the permit so that we can dig up the pavement as soon as there is one.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Gladys Roxton: And the Duke is so brave, papa! Why, he declares he intends to become an aviator.

Papa: H'm! He does, eh? Want's to visit his castle, I suppose.—Puck.



Roberts in B^r Chemistry: An atom is so small that it cannot exist.

Walker, B^r History: This didn't assist them much; it rather de-
sisted them.

Holmes: Who was Canaan?

Cousins (vaguely): Something about Cain and Abel.

Bolt, B^r, in English: Cerberus was a three-headed dog whose
heads were wreathed with snakes and whose jaws dripped poison.

Miss Christiansen: That is a pretty picture, isn't it?

Bolt: Yes. Nice dog, Cerberus.

Walter Saunders was asked the other day by Col. Ross to prepare
a list of those whom he considered the five best cadet captains
Tech has ever had. After much deliberation he submitted the
following list, arranged in order of ability:

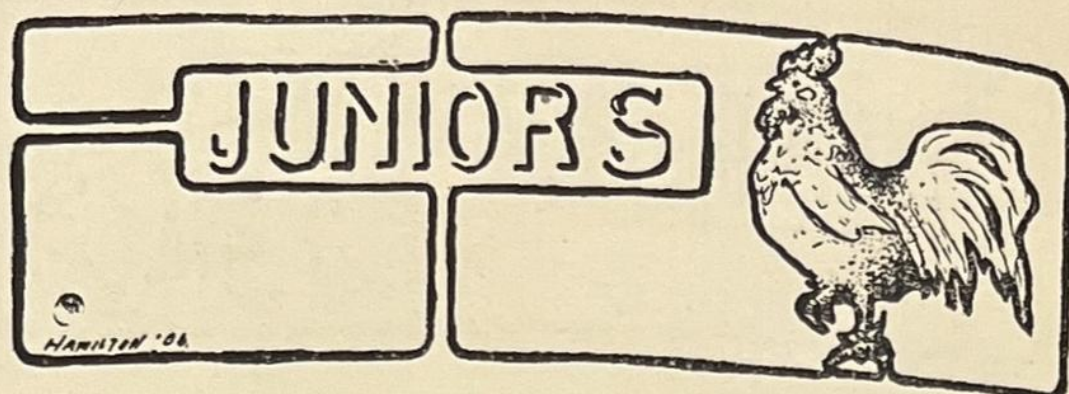
Capt. W. L. Saunders.

Capt. W. L. Saunders.

Capt. W. L. Saunders.

Capt. W. L. Saunders.

Capt. W. L. Saunders.



G. T. Hall, A^c in A^c-A^s chemistry (looking for SO₂ in a bottle):
"Perry, what color is sulphur dioxide?"

Perry, A^c: "I don't know, I'm looking for it too."

Offut, A^c (reading from Woolley): "He referred his sails in order to weather the storm."

Miss Forbes: "Mr. Offut, I begin to suspect that you are not a sailor."

Mother (to inquisitive child): Stand aside. Don't you see the gentleman wants to take the lady's picture?

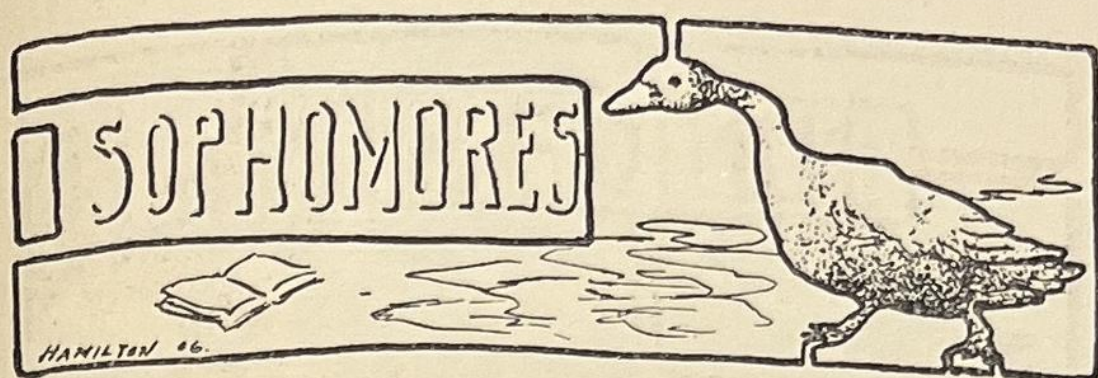
Why does he want to?—Life.

Miss H., A^s French (translating): "J'ai du cheval."

Miss Maret: "Now Miss H., you know you could not have some horse unless you went to the butcher's for it."

My wife made me what I am!

Have you forgiven her yet?—Washington Star.



Mr. Bruce: "Mr. Burnside, which verb is the most comprehensive, vaporization or evaporation?"

Burnside: "Evaporation is because I never heard the other word."

Mr. Bruce (in C¹ Physics): Mr. Camp, explain vaporization.

Camp: Take a cold plate, and hold it in steam, and it will turn into water.

"Lady," said wandering Mike, "would you lend me a cake of soap?"

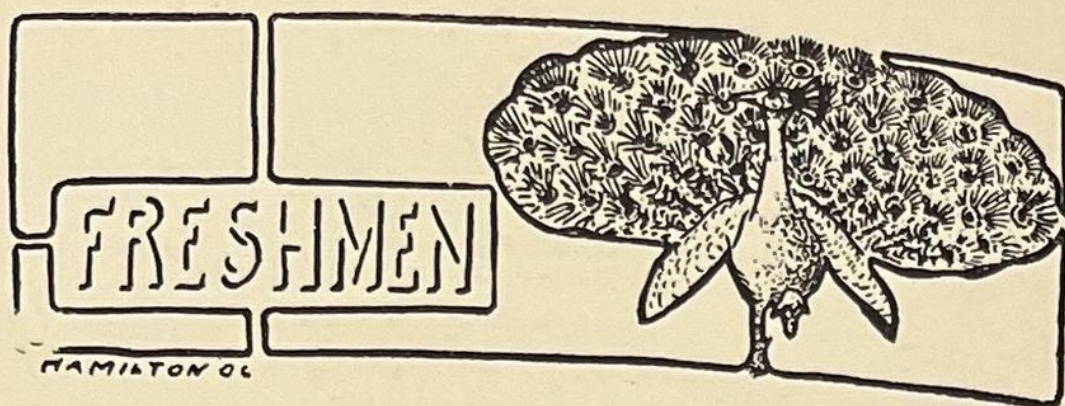
"Do you mean to tell me you want soap?"

"Yes'm. Me partner's got the hiccups an' I want to scare him."

—Washington Star.

"A melodrama—'Murdered at Christmastide'—was to be given for two nights in a small town. The first night there was a fair audience; but when, in act three, the senior villain said to the junior, 'Hist, are we alone?' a voice from the gallery growled:—

"'No, Hamfat, not tonight, but you can bet you'll be tomorrow night.'" —Ex.



K¹ studying in the Ancient Mariner.

Miss Baker: What were Death and Life-in-Death doing to get the Ancient Mariner?

Preston, K²: Shooting craps.

Mr. Many: What building in this city looks like the Obelisk of Egypt?

Hunt, K³: Don't the postoffice look like it?

Soph: I can prove that a man named Gale is blind.

Fresh: How?

Soph: Why, a gale is a wind, a wind is a breeze, a breeze is a zephyr, a zephyr is a yarn, a yarn is a tale, a tail is an attachment, an attachment is love, and love is blind.

Are you first in anything at school, Earlie?

First out of the building when the bell rings.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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So please pass on and read next "ad."

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Each principle throughout the shorthand course is explained in class. A leaflet involving that principle in conjunction with those preceding, is given to each member, who writes it out at home for correction. At the next lesson, the work is collected and corrected by the teacher, and passed back for practice before being dictated. Thus, each principle is thoroughly gone over before any attempt is made to "grind it in"—our name for repetition work.

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While she read HAND AND MIND.

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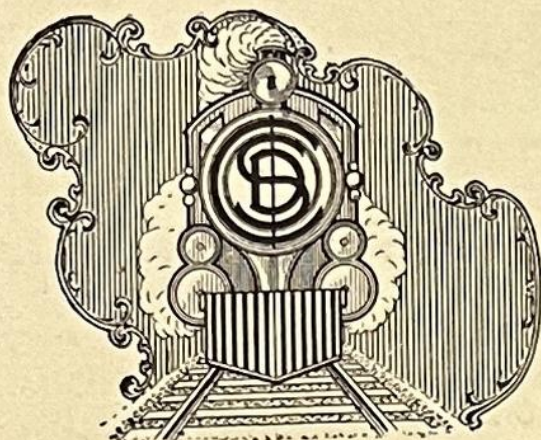
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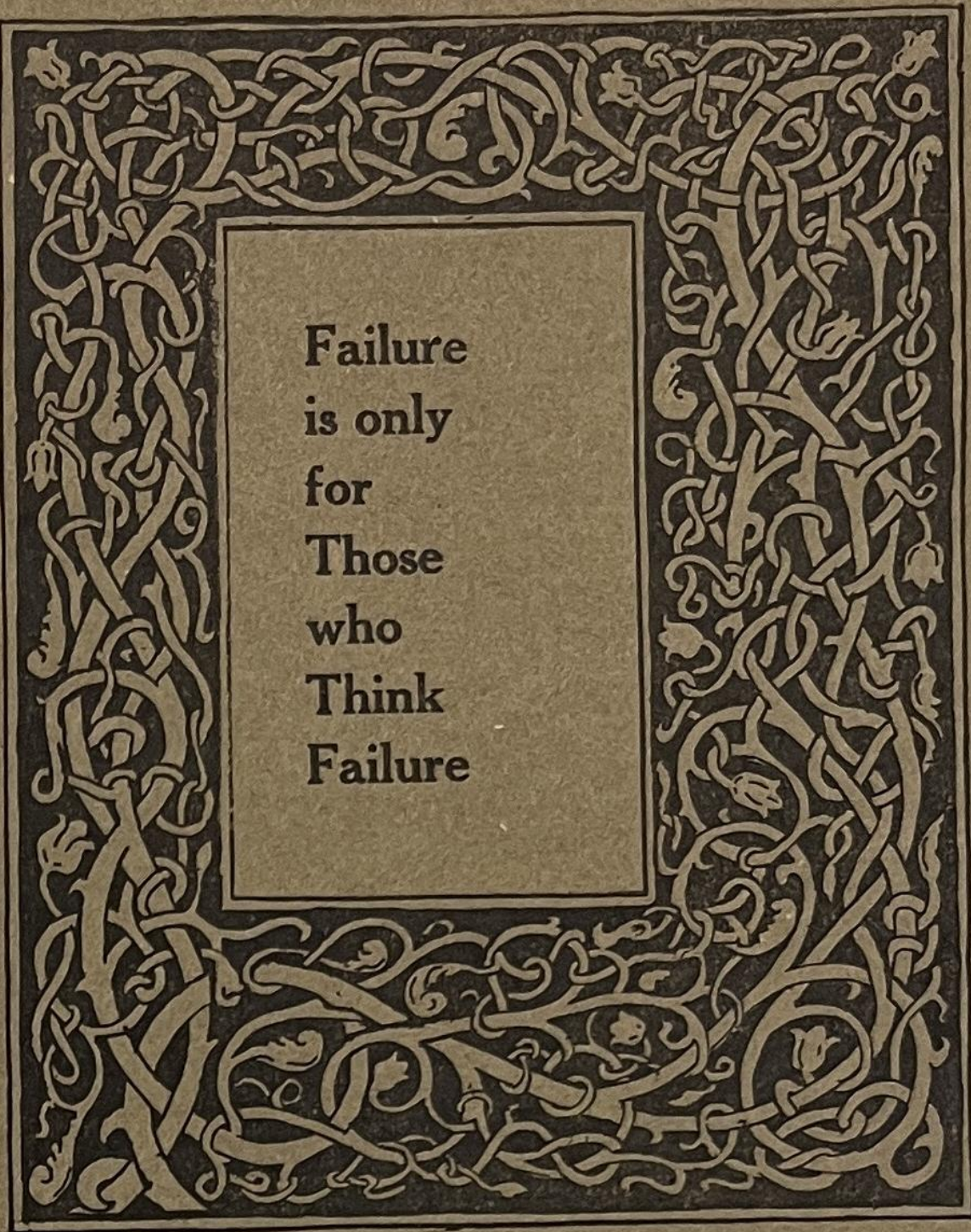
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Q. What system did they teach for nineteen years?

A. The Benn-Pitman.

Q. Why did they change? A. For the reason that induced 1,800 Business Colleges, and 230 Public High Schools to change; there being no shading or line position in the Gregg system, making it much easier to learn.

Q. In the International Speed Contest held in the Business High School in this city in 1910, who won the first, second, and third places? A. Gregg writers.

Q. How rapidly can Gregg shorthand be written? A. Mr. Swem wrote 237 words a minute on Judge's charge to the jury, in Buffalo, N. Y., defeating Mr. W. B. Bottome, an official reporter of the New York Supreme Court, and Miss Nellie Wood, three times World's Champion.

Q. If a student finds the Barnes-Pitman too hard for him could he succeed in learning the Gregg system? A. Many students have given up the Pitman and Graham systems and learned the Gregg without any difficulty.

Q. Do Gregg writers make a high average in civil service examinations? A. The highest average in the United States was made by a Gregg writer in the examination held May 10, 1911. He learned Gregg shorthand at Wood's Commercial School.

Q. How may I learn more about the Gregg system? A. By writing to Wood's Commercial School, No. 311 East Capitol Street, where this system is taught.

Q. Do Wood's students make a high average in bookkeeping examinations? A. Yes. One of Wood's students made the highest average of any one in the United States in the Bookkeepers' examination April 26, 1911.

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